

Who Will Win the Diamond Medal?

SEE PAGE 7.

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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Photo by Lewis New Britain, Conn.

ADELAIDE FELL.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SAM T. JACK BURLESQUE COMPANY NOW ON TOUR.

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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.



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RICHARD K. FOX.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
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Saturday, July 5, 1902.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
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The following Coupon must accompany all
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PHYSICAL CONTEST COUPON

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

For \$1.00
THE POLICE GAZETTE
For 13 Weeks

VAUDEVILLE GOSSIP.

Frank Finney has signed with Robie's Knickerbockers, to be principal comedian next season.

Fentelle and Radcliffe report success in their new and original act, entitled "Nobody at Home."

Martin and Crouch have joined the Busby Bros.' Show, to do their acrobatic act and clowning.

Viola Thorndyke replaces Nettie Huffman in Brown, Harrison and Brown's act the coming season.

Andy Garon has closed with Parker's Female Minstrels, and is now with Starr & Bogart's Big City Show.

Brown Brothers and Lillian Wright, dancers, open on the Burt circuit of parks, commencing week of June 30.

John P. Rodgers, the well known basso, will play an engagement at the Steel Pier, Atlantic City, for the summer.

Bessie Le Roy, soubrette and character comedienne, has been very successful with her impersonations.

Harry Martin and Pug Reynolds have joined hands and will work under the firm name of Martin and Reynolds.

The Woodthorpes, Harry and Flossie, are spending their summer with Mrs. Woodthorpe's sister at Crompton, R. I.

Burt Ford has introduced some new material, including two new parodies, in his act for the summer season at the parks.

Ed. Thompson, comedian, with the Barlow Minstrels, has been re-engaged by Mr. Coburn for the Burt circuit of parks.

The Lenton Trio, Frank, Kittle and John, are meeting with great success in Australia, Kittle creating quite a furore with her coon singing.

Newell and Niblo have signed with "Hunting for Hawkins" for thirty-five weeks next season, opening the last of August in Philadelphia.

Gus Keller, the novelty bag puncher, is meeting with great success with his musical and blindfolded bag punching. He has some good time booked.

Kippy, comedy juggler, plays the Burt circuit of parks this summer, and has signed for next season with Robie & Mack's World Beaters Burlesquers.

Young Muldoon, featherweight wrestler, is booked with Sheik Hadji Tahar, the Oriental manager, for two years. He is at Sea Lion Park, Coney Island, N. Y., for the summer.

Ruby Raymond and Edythe Hart have been successful in their act, and are booked up solid until the middle of August, when they will commence rehearsals for Fisher & Carroll's Company.

Charles Wilson, comedian and song writer, has just finished a successful season as a monologue comedian. He is also a clever sketch performer, and his sister, Miss Sylvia Wilson, shares half the honor.

Jack Bentham and Blanche Freeman closed a very successful season at Duluth, Minn., May 31, and will rest a few weeks at their home in Grand Rapids, Mich., prior to opening with the Lonsdale Theatre Company.

Are You Watching the PHYSICAL CULTURE CONTEST for the Diamond Medal and Prizes in Gold?

STRONG WOMAN'S SQUEEZE

—AIDED BY HER WEIGHT—

TOO MUCH FOR SOUBRETTE

How a Charming Lady of the Chorus Was Put Out of Business by a Kissing Bug.

QUEENIE VASSAR AFTER BASS ON JERSEY COAST

"Merry-Merrys" of a Big Broadway Production Lose a Couple of Quarts of Diamonds to a Slick Female Sneak Thief.

The strong lady of the museum was at home on Sunday, serving beer and cakes full of caraway seeds to visiting friends. Her home is a lodging house for theatrical folks and she is the boss, so when she isn't lifting horses with her teeth, she doesn't worry, for her living is assured.

On this particular Sunday, the soubrette who rents No. 6, third floor, rear, called on her and after the

calmly sleeping on her mediaeval mahogany, a kissing bug flew in at the window and, alighting on her upper lip, remained there in blissful content long enough to make what appears to have been three impressions of his kissing apparatus.

She did not awaken under the ministrations, for it is said that the career of the kissing bug is quite as pleasant as that of a well practised human during the opera-



Photo by Feinberg New York

THE ACROBATIC POTTERS.

Clever and Daring Performers who do a Spectacular Aerial Act and are Now on Tour with the Forepaugh and Sells Brothers Circus.

third trip of the growler, they entered into a discussion as to the merits of their respective branches of the "profess."

"Of course," airily remarked the soubrette, "it's all very nice to be a strong woman, but that isn't being an actress. I should class it in the blacksmith or draught horse line."

"You would, eh, you insignificant, narrow-chested shrimp," howled the lady of huge muscles. "Well, I'll have you to know that my business is a respectable one, and that I'll take no slack from the likes of you."

And then there was a collision.

When the soubrette was picked up out of the corner and shaped up, she had a face that wouldn't look well in society. She wept a few soubrettish tears and the next day, as the face was still good evidence in court, she took it down to a lawyer who loved to hustle those kind of cases and had him bring suit against the female Sharkey for enough to make a trip to Paris and back.

In the first place, before this tale is told, no one believes it, for there is no kissing proposition on earth that would feaze a chorus lady.

One night recently, while one of the star members of the chorus of a prominent Broadway production lay

tion. It was only when the young woman awoke that she became aware she had been subjected to any untoward happenings.

Then she discovered she was deprived of all use of the muscles of that side of her face. From a small white protuberance on a background of vivid red upon her chin it was evident the bug had dwelt a moment there also.

She ran for the ammonia bottle and extracted therefrom all the comfort possible, which chanced not to be very much. In the hope that one learned in medical lore and given to treating accidents might help her somewhat, she sent for a doctor. He, too, applied ammonia, which incensed the lady. When she thought of the fee she had to pay for the treatment she could have wept.

The show girl sent news of her misfortune to her employers and told them she would have to hide her features for at least three days.

They said "Pooh-pooh" a couple of times, and then docked her \$4.98.

Queenie Vassar and her husband, Joe Cawthorne, who are summering at Asbury Park, are both enthusiastic over bass fishing, and they spend most of their time on the beach.

The other day, up on Shark River, Joe was telling John Seger, the man who makes rods, how Miss Vassar hooked into a fish.

"I made a long cast for her," he said, "then I gave

her the rod and told her to stand on a jetty which was about two feet high. I made a cast myself and had just settled down when she yelled:

"I've got one."

"Take it easy," I called to her, "don't try to hold him."

"But she seemed to think that wasn't the way, for she started up the beach pulling for all she was worth. About the third jump, while she was still on the jetty her foot struck on a projecting piece of wood and over she went, still holding on to the rod. She jumped up brushed the sand out of her face and continued her run.

"Have you got him on yet?" I asked.

"Sure," she said, "but he don't pull very hard."

"In a minute more she had him on the beach, and what do you suppose it was? A flounder about as big as your hand."

• •

A modest looking little woman went in the stage entrance of a big Broadway theatre the other night, while the show was on, and, announcing that she had been engaged as maid by the leading lady, passed by the stern doorman and disappeared in one of the dressing rooms.

In a brief half hour she came out, and pausing long enough to remark that she didn't suit her serene ladyship, she passed on her way.

A few minutes later there came a howl from one of the chorus ladies—a very wide one, by the way—who said she had been robbed of a pint of diamonds.

Then other howls went up, and in an hour it became known that a clever woman, whose business is pilfering, had "lifted" enough to make her comfortable for the greater part of the summer.

• •

Here is a thrilling tale from the road but the POLICE GAZETTE being a truthful paper makes no comment.

Scenario—The Weber & Fields Company of 120 souls—male and female—in Cleveland. Gus Lane, the manager, a good fellow and a hustler, approaches the manager of the local theatre and asks:

"How are you off for dressing rooms?"

"Oh," was the reply, "our dressing rooms are a joke. We have only ten."

And they were small ones at that. However, Weber, Fields, De Wolf Hopper and Fritz Williams and the other men principals were packed into a few of them, the chorus girls were crowded a dozen each into some others, the rest of the men were instructed to dress in the wings, or in their trunks, or on the stage—anywhere, and at length everybody was disposed of except Fay Templeton and Lillian Russell.

After a deal of scheming the property room was cleaned out and turned over to Miss Templeton, then only Lillian remained.

Deep under the stage was a spacious basement in which were located the boilers and dynamos and heating apparatus. There was no help for it. Miss Russell had to take the boiler room or not dress. She took it.

They rigged some uprights and hung screens from them, curtaining off a little space, and there, while the stokers shovelled in coal and the engineer watched his flywheels, the fair Lillian made up her face and changed her gowns.

• •

How many men can a woman love? Well, she'd be a fool to give that sort of snap away.

• •

The swell restaurants "along the line" have advanced the prices of meats on their bills of fare, and as a result, a long and loud and doleful wail is heard in the Tenderloin and on the Rialto.

Especially mournful was the wail heard on Broadway between Twenty-third and Forty-fifth streets. Show girls who get but eighteen or twenty dollars a week, and who have to support mamma and send little sister to the convent, besides paying for their own silk skirts and bijou apartments out of this slender income shrieked aloud when they learned that in future they would be forced to pay \$2, instead of \$1.60, for a filet of beef.

Steaks that were garnished with mushrooms, and swam in sauce piquante for eighty cents, are raised to \$1 per, and Tottie and Flossie and Gladys are contemplating a summer diet of vegetable soup and milk and crackers.

At the Knickerbocker, the "Wild Rose" girls vowed that sooner than pay tribute to the beef trust they would become strict vegetarians.

At Wallack's and Daly's the girls were considering a course of cereals and milk.

The "Chaperones" girls say they will take their meals with friends.

They seem to have the best solution.

• •

If in your wanderings up and down the line you should happen to meet a pretty little blonde of about fifteen years, with a short blue dress and a white straw hat, and she should ask you how to get on the stage, you will know that she is the girl with the five-syllabled name who dutifully kissed "mutter" good-bye the other day in Philadelphia, and started off ostensibly to her daily task in the knit goods factory, but really ran away to gratify her uncontrollable longing to caper nimblly in the chorus.

A general alarm has gone out for her and she has been traced as far as the gay Rialto, where she is reasonably sure to be heard from.

If you gain her confidence, she will tell you that she is passionately fond of the theatre, and has always longed to be an actress, but, of course, doesn't expect to begin as a star, and is willing to climb the ladder laboriously from the very bottom round.

When you expostulate with her, and talk of the dangers and pitfalls, she will likely argue the matter and cite the well-known fact that Mary Anderson was a good woman, but you who are world wise and experienced, will realize that she will be much safer back in the knit goods factory.

Possibly she may hide her identity and secure an engagement. In that event she will be paraded by a mendacious press agent as a pampered child of fortune, who is weary of the hollowness of fashionable frivolities and is determined to consecrate herself to an artistic career.

And there doesn't seem to be any way to stop the rush.

DECORATE YOUR PLACE

With the magnificent sporting supplements in halftone of the great boxers, athletic champions and prominent actresses in costume. Six for 50 cents.

MAN WITH A LITTLE JAG MADE A MISTAKE AND FOUND HE WAS IN THE WRONG ROOM

He Was Just Shedding His Clothes When the Fair Owner Arrived and Gave Him a Shock.

HID IN A CLOSET WHILE SHE WAS DISROBING.

Confinement Sobered Him Up and When the Clocks Were Striking the Hour of Midnight He Managed to Make His Escape.

Here is the story of a man whose family is out of town for the season and who wishes he was with them. When they went away he locked up the house and went to live at a hotel.

There is a question as to just how authentic it is and as to what has been omitted, but let it go at that and give him the benefit of the doubt.

It was on the second night of his stay there, and it wasn't at a late hour, either. He had been dining generally and there had been a grotesque attempt at a game of billiards afterward.

Eventually he stumbled along a dimly lighted corridor to a door that yielded readily when he applied the key. He did not bother to turn on the light. Enough came in from the lamps in the street to suit his present purpose, and, as he confesses, he was ashamed to have any more light lest he catch sight of himself in the mirror.

This process had got so far that considerations of delicacy forbade mentioning the precise stage when he was startled by hearing the clicking of his door latch. Somebody was trying to get in, and what was worse, somebody was getting in with difficulty, and, as if that was not enough for a sensitive man, the newcomer was a woman!

He knew because he heard her voice.

Imagine his dilemma!

She had been accompanied as far as the door and she held it ajar while she paused for good-night and remarks with her escort. That gave the distressed man in undress his one opportunity. The light from the hall, coming through the partly opened door, revealed another door nearby, and it also gave unmistakable evidence that he had made an error and that this was not his room.

He saw a trunk that didn't belong to him; a woman's hat on a chair, and other articles of apparel that were none of his business.

Hoping fondly that that door opened into another room, the man gathered his belongings in one armful, terrified lest his shoes should drop with a bang, and slid to that door. He opened it and got inside just as the good-nights were concluded and the lawful occupant was entering the room.

Of course, he was in a closet. A line of light at the bottom of the door showed that the party in the main room had turned on the light. He felt of his clothes to make sure that no tell-tale article had been overlooked in his flight.

No, he had 'em all and so much was gratifying, but what should he do about it? Put them on at once? It would be a difficult task in the Stygian darkness of the closet and with his head in an alcoholic whirl, for he fondly believed that he was very drunk. He feared that he would only too surely attract the woman's attention.

Then at any moment she might be seized with an idea that she wanted to use this closet. It was empty; he made that out by carefully feeling of the walls, but she might look under the bed for a man, and if she did that she wouldn't be likely to omit the closet. Wasn't it dreadful?

He held his clothes in front of him with one hand and with the other grasped the door knob and pulled back steadily. On no account would he permit her to open that door.

Meanwhile, not daring to breathe more than once a minute, when he had to, he heard her moving about the room, and with such moderation! Of course she was disrobing, and she seemed to consider thoughtfully and carefully over every individual article she removed.

He wondered in agony if she would lie down before daybreak. At last he heard a rustling as of a weight resting upon a mattress and then all was still.

The line of light had disappeared.

It was to be presumed that she had retired.

He didn't hold the door any longer, but he dared not stir. An eternity passed. Then he heard a church clock strike twelve times.

In desperation he decided that she must be asleep now and he began to dress. It took a good deal of precious time, and at the end he dared not put on his shoes.

With these in his hand, he softly opened the door a crack. There was regular, heavy breathing from the direction of the bed. Sweating with terror, he tiptoed and shuffled across the room to the corridor door, opened it and escaped.

Fortunately no one came along before he had pulled on his shoes. Then, deathly sober from the mental strain he had undergone, he took account of the numbers on the room doors. It didn't take him long then to find the room where he belonged on the floor above, and there he passed in safety what was left of that eventful night.

He swears he never even glanced towards the bed as he passed out of the room, and it may be that he was so frightened that he couldn't think of anything except getting away.

But one thing he does admit.

He loitered around the hall for a couple of hours the

next day trying to get a look at the occupant of the room. Whether he succeeded or not is a question; at any rate, he is lavish in his praises of her and he is telling his friends that it is good for a man to send his wife to the country occasionally, even if it is a trifle expensive, and he is going to live at the hotel all summer.

Well-known and Popular Editor of Emporia, Va.

game than any man in Harlem. A fine halftone of Mr. Dagenais will be found on page 5.

Harry Bradford and Walter Crumbley are both fine performers. They call themselves the "Coontown High Rollers," and are both exceedingly clever at buck dancing.

W. H. Broden is a well-known citizen of Hudson, N. Y., who is the owner of "Terry McGovern," the famous six-pound game cock, winner of eight championship battles.

A. H. Goette, whose portrait will be found on page 12, is known by nearly everybody in Savannah, Ga., where he resides, and he has the distinction of being the first promoter of boxing in that city. He is well informed on sports, particularly boxing, and has

prayed the saints to listen to the lies of t

It was true, as she had said, that he had lost him dear. For

said that he had lost his love. For

that every cent he

made must be given to t

told him that he

might not disgrace her.

ld give him his

meals. But as his Honor

knew, one who is

in love eats little.

She was gone. She sought

Now after six long

days, she had f

been in a hotel barber

shop.

He man's hand.

He prayed the saints to

listen to the lies of t

It was true, as she had

said, that he had lost his love. For

that every cent he

made must be given to t

told him that he

might not disgrace her.

ld give him his

meals. But as his Honor

knew, one who is

in love eats little.

She was gone. She sought

Now after six long

days, she had f

been in a hotel barber

shop.

He did he meet her first?

At the ball of La

Fraterna to be sure. It was a glorious ball. She was

there. She was with the nobleman, one of great name,

but of unloved person. She smiled upon him. The

nobleman was angry, but the nobleman found another

to charm him.

She asked him to take her home. They stood at the

bottom of the steps. Ah, she was so tired. It was far

to go. She should never reach the top. She should die

of fatigue.

What could a gentleman of Italy do?

He gathered her in his arms and ran with her up the stairs, up all four flights. He was a man then, even as he is a man

now. But never would love of a woman lead him to such a performance again.

He did not steal her purse. He, a nobleman in the

old country, steal a purse?

She said she had not seen

him since he left. Would the saints but have made

her word true. He had employment in two hotels and

the woman came and screamed. Not know where he

was? Bah! Here was one of his employers, not a

nobleman but an honest man. He would tell whether

she had known where he was.

The boss barber said that the woman had nearly

been the ruin of his barber shop since last November.

She had scolded about this, that and the other thing,

but never a word had she said about the theft of any

money until this day. She was a jealous woman. The

learned Judge would do well not to give her too much

heed. The man was a good barber and the learned

Judge would do well to remember that men do not

make themselves handsome. It is the curse laid upon

them by a higher power.

And so the Judge dismissed the barber in whose veins

ran noble blood, and told Sapho to go to her home.

FOR ONE DOLLAR

you can have the POLICE GAZETTE sent to your address for thirteen weeks and get, besides, a valuable premium. The greatest of all sporting papers will follow you wherever you go if you say the word. Send for the premium list, anyhow. A postal card will bring it to you.

This Week's Illustrations

A man of Racine, Wis., is temperance now, and while he doesn't consider it a fair proposition, yet it is in a case of two to one, and there is nothing for him to do but to submit. For many weary nights his wife had argued with him, but he paid no attention to her. Then, as a last resort, she sent for her mother.

The pair went to the saloon frequented by the husband, and—but the artist has shown it on page 9 so why dwell on the harrowing story of a thirsty man and no

husband.

If it hadn't been for a pair of boxing gloves the little lady who figures in this story would not be home with mamma. She wedded a handsome boxing professor of Scranton, Pa., and nothing would do but that she must learn the manly art of self defense. She was just getting clever when one evening he happened, quite by accident, to hit her too hard. Her face was not only bruised but her feelings were outraged, and, although her pugilistic husband apologized, she packed her trunk and went home.

There is a moral in this story if you can only find it.

SPORTING PHOTOS FREE

Handsome halftone productions, large size, of the famous boxers FREE with the POLICE GAZETTE every week. Try a subscription; 13 weeks for \$1.00.



H. W. WEISS.



MALVIN BATES.

Expert Cycle-Whirl Rider and Trick Performer who has a New and Thrilling Act.

hotel on West Thirty-fourth street, New York. The

referred many important contests in the South. He

will leave shortly for San Francisco to witness the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons contest.

George Brown, a boxer of Buffalo, N. Y., is

managed by Joseph White, of 248 Washington street, that city, who would like to make a match with Hughie

McGovern.

Malvin Bates, a young man of New Haven,

Conn., is a trick bicyclist who has invented a novel

and thrilling feat on the wheel which he will shortly

introduce to the public.

H. W. Weiss, of Emporia, Va., is a past-de-

partment commander of the G. A. R., and the editor

and owner of *The Virginian*. He is also a real estate

man of considerable ability.

A. L. Coset, of Jackson, Cal., is the owner of

the Cosmopolitan Saloon and a member of the Jackson

Athletic Club. He would like to know the whereabouts of his brother, O. F. Coset.

Charlie Neary has to his credit a knockout,

having put away the redoubtable "Kid" Sayres, of Milwaukee, Wis., not long ago. He has also fought a draw

with Tommy Cody, of New York.

The Stokes basketball team, of Ocean Grove,

N. J., is the holder of the championship of the Ocean

Grove Fire Department. Ernest Woolston is the manager, Dr. George Tompkins is captain, and among the

players are Andrew Van Clef, T. N. Lillagore, Ira

Stricklin, William Tatum and Walter Clayton.

BARTENDERS, Send In Your Recipes and Photographs. The Championship Contest is Running. Are You On?

*Photo by Gove, Milwaukee.***MYRTLE FOSTER.**

DANCER AND SINGER, ONE OF THE BOHEMIAN BURLESQUERS; VERY CLEVER, THEY SAY.

*Photo by Gove, Milwaukee.***EDWINA MERCIER.**

A SOUBRETTE OF THE BRIGADIERS BURLESQUERS.

*Photo by Chickering, Boston.***MAY TAYLOR.**

A COMIC OPERA DIVINITY WHO IS POPULAR IN BOSTON.

*Photo by Mead, Atlanta, Ga.***IRENE KOBER.**

A DAINTY LITTLE PERFORMER WHOSE SERVICES ARE IN DEMAND.

*Photo by Gove, Milwaukee.***THEY ARE BOTH BURLESQUERS.**

MABEL HAZLETON, OWNER AND MANAGER OF THE SAM T. JACK COMPANY, AND MISS VEDDER, BOTH OF WHOM LOOK WELL IN STAGE CENTRE.

*Photo by Johnson, Salt Lake, Utah.***LOUISE LEWIS.**

SHE IS ONE OF THE BEAUTIES OF "THE TELEPHONE GIRL" COMPANY.



ISTO WARREN.

CRACK SHOT OF THE FORTIETH COAST ARTILLERY, FORT HOWARD, MD.



FRANK ADAMS.

HE—NOT SHE—is AN EXPERT GUN AND BATON JUGGLER.



BRADFORD AND CRUMBLEY.

"THE COONTOWN HIGH ROLLERS" WHO ARE NOW IN VAUDEVILLE.



PAUL JONES.

FEATHERWEIGHT BOXER OF NEW YORK CITY AFTER A MATCH.



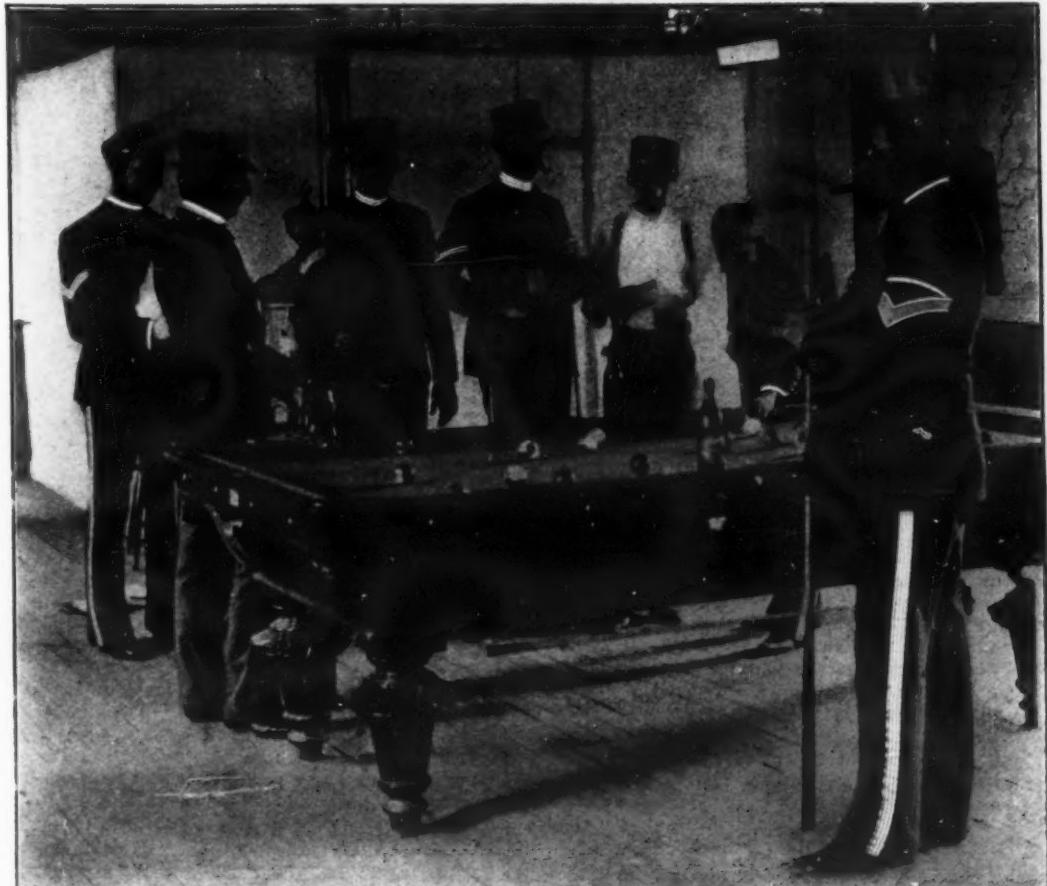
VICTOR DAGENAIS.

PRESIDENT OF THE FAMOUS METEOR BOWLING CLUB, HARLEM, N. Y.



EDWARD F. DALY.

ONE OF THE LEADING FIGHT PROMOTERS OF CINCINNATI, O.



HOW THEY AMUSE THEMSELVES.

SOME OF THE EXPERT PLAYERS OF COMPANY M, FOURTEENTH INFANTRY, IN THE POOLROOM AT FORT NIAGARA, N. Y.



A WELL-TRAINED TEAM.

HANDSOME PAIR OF GOATS OWNED BY FRED SUMMERILL, A BUSINESS MAN OF BARNESBORO, PA.

UP-TO-DATE CHORUS GIRLS

WHO ARE PRETTY AND CLEVER

LIVE LIKE REAL QUEENS

With Youth, Beauty and Figure the Little Lady of the Foot-lights Finds Fortune Open Handed.

SHE GETS GOOD TIPS ON THE STOCK MARKET.

Admirers Wine Her and Dine Her and Shrewd Dressmakers Gown Her Gorgeously for the Advertisement There is in it.

"Straight tips on the market are the only tributes that the up-to-date Johnnie dares to lay at the feet of the chorus nowadays," said the old rounder. "It used to be diamonds and bat-eared bulldogs, but the chorus girls are all stock speculators now and they seem to be mighty lucky."

"In fact, chorus girls are a lucky lot, anyhow. You can see them at their best in the gayest of the downtown chophouses, the dining-rooms of which are filled each night with supper parties where sextetters pre-

sent the ordinary chorus in appearance, intelligence and voice."

"They sought for singers, therefore, not in the dramatic agencies, nor among the regular ranks of girls seeking chorus places, but in dramatic schools, church choirs, amateur dramatic societies, and they investigated the society applicants until they finally got the sextet completed. The immediate hit which the song made with the audience was unmistakable."

"The young women who composed it were fairly showered with flowers, attentions, notes, invitations and suppers and dinners at the fashionable Fifth Avenue restaurants. It would be a somewhat surprising chapter in the history of Chicago if the names of some of the original worshipers at this particular shrine could be chronicled."

"One of the young women was credited with an enormous winning in the stock market during the excitement of last summer. While her winnings did not reach the sum she was credited with, she made a large amount of money. Her tip came from a millionaire."

"Then one of the principals in the company began to make money in stocks, and with proverbial generosity she imparted her information to her friends in the chorus. All the girls were stock mad then and while they haughtily frowned upon anything but orchids and bon-bons as gifts, they would accept tips on the market."

"Some kind-hearted brokers speculated for them without the usual margin being put up, and so it came about that they were able to indulge in fine gowns, violets, hansom cabs and other delights that the soul of the chorus girl yearns for."

"But their value as a stage attraction was established. Since then the idea has been followed out in a score of productions, and there has been a general rise in the status of the chorus girl."

"Another sensational hit was made by one of the prettiest chorus girls of a New York production who recently sailed for London as the leading woman of one of the best-known English actors. She was employed in the chorus two seasons ago at an ordinary salary and her dress was very plain and simple."

"But her face attracted attention, and then it was discovered that she was intelligent and piquant in conversation. Her engagement, however, positively stunned the ranks of the Rialto, but the whisper went about among those who knew her that she would make good, which means that she was clever enough to fill the difficult place that she had been selected for."

"The constant and never-failing gayety of the modern chorus girl, which is in evidence at the various restaurants where she makes an appearance, seems to be her chief attraction. She cultivates an almost hysterical joyousness. Her laugh is frequent; her smile that is startling to witness."

"She is not in the least vulgar in her appearance or manner or conversation. Neither is she ever the least serious. She calls millionaires by their first names and jokes with them with an ingenuousness and familiarity that are startling to witness."

"She is light as froth and frivolous and manages to keep a table full of her admirers interested and amused by her chatter. Her hands are pretty and white and her nails are perhaps overmanicured."

"Men admire her and wish to know her and do something for her. Above all they like to sit at a supper table with her and listen to her prattle as she consumes champagne and soft-shell crabs, terrapin, and canvasback with a healthy, youthful appetite."

"This is really the secret of the chorus girl's fascination. Superficial observers and those unsophisticated people who always associate evil with light-heartedness and gayety make a mistake in judging the chorus girl harshly."

"It is true that she travels without a chaperon and does all sorts of unconventional things. But she is quite able to take care of herself, and her principal object in life is to have what she calls a good time."

"She retains her popularity just as long as she is able to keep her good spirits and her gayety. There is only one crime that men will not forgive in a woman in these times, and that is dullness."

"The gown that the chorus girl wears may be hers in name only. Any number of dressmakers will give credit to a young woman who may have a place in a local theatrical success. They cater entirely to this class of customers, give them generous credit and manage to get their money in most cases more quickly than from society women."

"Then it must be remembered that the sextet girls, or girls nowadays picked out for parts more important than the ordinary chorus, receive much better pay

SPORTING REFERENCE BOOKS

"Police Gazette Book of Rules," "Police Gazette Cocker's Guide," "Dog Pit," 25 cents each. All illustrated. POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, Fox Building, New York city.

than formerly. Thirty and thirty-five a week is the usual figure."

"A girl who gets in the swim of the supper-party-after-the-theatre crowd will spend every cent she makes on dress and will go deep in debt to obtain gowns. Her living expenses will be surprisingly small. But dress she will and must have."

"She is always anxious to get ahead in her profes-

BASEBALL TALES

TOLD OF THE

LEADING PLAYERS

Joe Sugden and "Kid" Gleason on the Question of Age.

Anecdotes of well-known baseball men are always popular, but especially so at this time of the year, and here are a few that may interest the devotees of the game:

The irrepressible Arlie Latham is umpiring in the Western League, and in a recent game at Peoria one of the Milwaukee players knocked down the Peoria shortstop while he was trying to field the ball. Latham immediately called the runner out. Manager Duffy of the Milwaukees came running out and demanded to know why the man had been called out.

"For knocking over the shortstop," replied Latham. "But he didn't see the man," answered Duffy.

"Oh, didn't he?" said Lath, with a sneer. "Well, please to understand that we are playing the glorious national game, and not blind man's buff," and the decision went.

Isbell, the big first baseman of the White Sox, has a habit that some day may lead to giving the opponents of the White Sox an extra base. That is throwing his big mitt in the air trying to stop a liner to right field that is too high for him to pull down. The rule defining when a base runner is entitled to take a base says: "If a fielder stops or catches a batted ball with his hat or any part of his uniform, except his gloved hand."

"I know it's wrong," says Isbell, "and I've tried to break myself of it, but the temptation to take a chance at knocking the ball down is too strong, and I let the glove go up in the air before I think of it being against the rules. I never did stop but one ball that way and that was in Chicago last year. I've never had an umpire call me down yet for doing it."

"Funny thing how people called me 'Old Joe Sugden,'" said the reliable backstop of the Browns the other day as he sat on the players' bench waiting for the rain to let up. "I'm no older than a majority of the fellows in the game, and there's lots that can give me several years and still be ahead of me."

"You've been in the game so long that people know you must be old," said "Kid" Gleason.

"Now, that will do for you," retorted old Joe. "When I was still going to school you were playing professional ball. Why, I never played a professional game of ball in my life until I was 21. Of course, that was eleven years ago, but you don't call thirty-two old, do you?"

Billy Sullivan, the catcher of the White Sox, tells of a game he played in at Stoughton, Wis., in 1892.

"We were playing the Cambridge team a little way from Stoughton. They didn't pay enough for a catcher, so I refused to go behind the bat, and played in the suburbs. The game was started about 10:30 in the morning and when the whistle blew for 12 we were in the



FRANK COOK, JR.

Youthful Bicyclist and Singer of New York City.

sion, for, of course, the fascination of the stage is what first brings her to a large city, sometimes from the West, from Canada, and often from the South, which is furnishing hundreds of recruits for the stage each season.

"Domestic life appeals to her not in the slightest degree. Her dream is to be a comic opera queen, who have gorgeous jewels, gowns, admirers and her photograph for sale in the shops."

"Sometimes she has a voice and has visions of going abroad to cultivate it. But above all she wants to have a gay time, and it must be admitted that she seems to get there."

THE FAD OF THE DAY

is physical culture; develop your muscles is the watchword. The "Police Gazette" contest for a diamond medal and three other prizes in gold is the greatest ever inaugurated. There is time for you to compete.

COULDN'T THROW M'LEOD.

Tom Jenkins undertook too great a task when he tried to throw Dan McLeod, of Hamilton, Ont., twice within ninety minutes at Cleveland on June 10. The men met in Central Armory and about 3,000 spectators saw the contest.

Jenkins was able to secure but one fall and that took up fifty-three minutes of his allotted time. The fall was secured with a Nelson and a crotch hold.

After a rest of fifteen minutes the men again went on the mat, and McLeod stood the big Cleveland wrestler off until the time had expired, thus winning the contest.

The articles of agreement stated that the contest was for a \$1,500 bet, McLeod betting \$1,000 that Jenkins could not throw him twice in the time stated. Jenkins put up \$500 that he could do so.

The contest was a severe one from the start, McLeod doing his full share of the aggressive work, keeping after Jenkins constantly.

TRAINERS INJURED.

A Woman and Two Men Have a Narrow Escape.

Three trainers attached to an animal show had thrilling experiences at Cleveland the other day with their savage pets, and as a result one man, the lion trainer, Joseph McPhee, was fatally injured with great holes in his abdomen made by the teeth of the lion. The others injured are Herman Wedder, whose right leg was badly crushed by a bear, and Madam Morelli, whose right arm and side was lacerated by a leopard.

The animals had traveled from Boston and were surly and ugly.

Wedder entered the cage of a big bear, which received him with a swipe of his immense paw, knocking him to the floor, where the bear pounced upon him and fastened his teeth into his right leg, tearing off so large a chunk as to make necessary, the surgeons say, the amputation of the injured limb.

A leopard leaped upon Madam Morelli's shoulder and lacerated her right arm severely. Madam Morelli was lying on the floor when the attendants came to her assistance and with pikes drove the animals off.

The lion tamer, McPhee, was watching the transfer of the lions from the car to their cage, and because they refused to move promptly he entered the cage. He had hardly entered before a great beast leaped upon him, pinning him to the floor. The lion placed his great paws upon the fallen man's breast and tore his right leg in a fearful manner.



JAMES LEMON.

Prominent Toledo Sporting Man and Jim, His Famous Ratter.

eighth inning. * The Cambridge boys threw down their bats and gloves when the whistle blew and left the field. They said they never played after 12 o'clock, and do what we would, we could not get them to finish that game. And they were one run to the good, too—that was the worst of it."

WANT A DIAMOND MEDAL?

Every one has a chance. Enter the physical culture contest now by sending in a photograph showing your muscles. There are other prizes in gold.



W. H. BRODERICK.

Of Hudson, N. Y., and Game "Terry McGovern."

dominate. Every chorus girl is a sextett now, you know.

"In the first place, a chorus girl has to be pretty in these days. Form doesn't go for half as much now as a pretty, refined face and some voice.

"They absolutely must be young. No manager would dare to put on an opera here with old or ugly chorus girls.

"So a chorus girl is first born lucky in being possessed of a pretty face. Then in these days chorus girls are an absolutely different type from the girls who went on in this capacity ten years ago.

"Despite the many jokes that were written about the wealthy chorus girls who were able to amass fortunes on a salary of \$12 a week, not one in fifty ever rose to any position or any considerable salary. Take the case of one young woman who got a leading part and who is now a successful star. She created a veritable sensation and her rise from the ranks is always spoken of to-day as a wonderful thing.

"Just now society girls and women all over the country are crowding eagerly into the ranks of applicants for places in the chorus.

"There is every opportunity for a girl to rise from the chorus now, for something more than face and figure are required.

"In the old days, a girl well built and moderately pretty was employed for the chorus and had little else to do except to march about like an automaton. Few of them know how to dance, except the queer little steps they used to take as they hailed the bride or welcomed the villagers.

"They were of no importance then. It was always the star. Now, the chorus girls are often more important than the star.

"Undoubtedly the change is due to the hit which was made by the sextet that has become so famous, although its identity has been completely lost in the many changes that have occurred in its ranks. But this sextet made the opera in question in this country just as it did in London.

"With the exception of one or two songs neither the book nor the music of the piece was particularly commendable. This song, however, was one of the daintiest, prettiest things ever put on the stage.

"The managers who studied the London production of the piece at once recognized the fact that the girls and men in this little scene had to be above the ranks

THE CONTEST IS BOOMING

AMATEUR BASEBALL PLAYERS ARE INVITED TO SEND IN THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS AND COMPETE FOR THE DIAMOND MEDAL.

"Don't put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

This applies especially to the Police Gazette physical culture contest.

Bear in mind that the diamond medal is not won yet, nor are the other prizes, and there is a chance for you.

Have a photograph taken of yourself at once.

Cut out the coupon on page 2; paste it on the back, being careful to fill in the blanks with your name and address written plainly in ink.

Then send it in.

We will take care of it.

But don't delay.

If you have any suggestions to make concerning the contest we shall be glad to hear from you.

Write a letter at any time and it will receive most careful attention.

The finest photographs received in this contest will be published in halftone in the Gazette.

All that are received will be classified and put away until the close.

Then they will be turned over to the judges, who will be selected from the following list:

Ex-Champion James J. Corbett, Charley White, the eminent pugilistic referee; **Terry McGovern,** Young Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Charles E. (Parson) Davies, Rolandow, America's champion strong man; **Prof. Attila,** who developed Sandow; **Gus Hill,** America's champion club swinger, and **Sam C. Austin,** sporting editor of the Police Gazette.

A great collection of names for such an affair as this.

All above reproach, too.

Please bear in mind that there are few restrictions.

You must be over eighteen and under twenty-five years, and you must not be a professional athlete.

If you are an amateur baseball player you ought to have good muscles, and while on this subject it seems very strange that none of the young men who play ball and who love athletic exercise have entered.

Get together, you enthusiasts of the diamond, and perhaps one of you may win the Police Gazette medal.

You don't need an invitation.

If you do, then you are hereby cordially invited to send your photograph as soon as possible.

You don't have to be a heavyweight to stand a chance. And you may have a finer physique than men who are a great deal heavier and bigger in every way.

We want to interest physical culturists, instructors and trainers in what we are doing.

They always have a pupil in whom they take much pride. They like to show others what he can do if he is an athlete.

Put his muscles on exhibition if he is well developed.

That's just what we want to do.

If he justifies it we will publish his photograph in the Police Gazette, where an admiring world may gaze upon it and pay him homage.

We are pleased when we can honor a great athlete, and it is the distinguished men of the future to whom we desire to pay tribute now before their merits are known to the world.

Send in your photographs now.

LETTERS FROM ASPIRANTS.

HERE'S AN ACTOR.

Enclosed find my photograph, as I desire to enter the physical culture contest. I have just finished my theatrical engagements. Yours truly

PETER A. LETENDRE, New Bedford, Mass.

A PIANO POLISHER ENTERS.

Enclosed find photo of myself. I am now following the occupation of piano polishing. I am an all-around athlete, can punch the bag and box.

CHARLES TUCKER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

[We would like to hear from some more piano polishers.]

A TURN-VEREIN CANDIDATE.

Enclosed find photographs of Charles A. Braun, one of the members of the Columbia Turn-Verein, who desires to enter in your great contest. Would be pleased to know when contest closes, as a few more members wish to enter. CHARLES WILHELM, Buffalo, N. Y.

[The contest will not close for some time, so get your entries in.—ED.]

A NEWSBOY'S LETTER.

Here is the photograph of a newsboy from the streets of Boston, and you must remember that a newsboy has not got very much time to himself, as he is hustling all the time, night and day. But how I got myself in the physical condition that you find me in by looking at the photograph, was by doing only common exercising, such as they do in schools, and I have a paper route in the harbor. I go out in a rowboat every Sun-

day morning, with papers, Police Gazette and books and the like of that, so you see the rowing I do broadens out my chest and shoulders. I claim to be the champion newsboy oarsman of Boston, and will defend it against them all. CAPTAIN WOLFE,
30 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

AN ALL-AROUND ATHLETE.

Enclosed find photo of myself. I am an all-around athlete, can box, wrestle, play ball and can do most

had the spectators wild. Russell sent a left inside Peter's guard and with a left to the jaw staggered the Irishman. He followed this up with a swinging left and Peter clinched. Referee Fogarty broke them, and Russell, rushing his man in savage fashion, put a right and left to the face with terrific force. Maher staggered back, but as Russell rushed him again saved himself by clinching. As the referee was trying to separate them the bell rang, undoubtedly saving Peter from a knockout and cheating Russell of a victory.

In the preliminaries Billy Mooney outpointed Billy Kalb in six rattling good rounds; Young Friel quit at the end of the third round in a bout with Joe Murphy, while "Kid" Griffio stopped Tom West in the second round.

CHOYNISKI, THE WAR HORSE.

An Explanation of How it Happened That He Got That Title.

Eddie Greaney, the man selected to referee the coming championship battle between Jeffries and Fitzimmons, is an old friend of Joe Choynski's. They were amateur boxers together on the Coast. Choynski is responsible for the statement that when they were kids together they used to stand around on the corners talking boxing. The coppers got after them, however, and broke up the outdoor sessions and they joined an athletic club. They boxed at tournaments together, and Choynski still has a gold watch and several diamond-studded medals he won as an amateur.

"Do you know why so many people call me the war horse?" said Joe the other night. "Well, I'll tell you," he continued. "I have been boxing since I was 14 years old, and as I am now 33 you can see that the public naturally has an impression that I am an old man. I am still as good as ever as far as training and fighting are concerned, but when I issue a challenge to fight one of the big fellows the cry is at once set up that I am too old. I have always taken the best of care of myself, and have my own ideas about training. I'll bet right now that I can go out and beat any man my weight in the business for 100 yards.

"I was champion of the Pacific Coast when I was 17. One of the first men I ever boxed was Con Reardon, who died in the East after boxing Bob Fitzsimmons. The first pair of tights I ever wore were presented to me by a big fellow who just came off the high seas. He was a sailor, and they called him the Tipton Slasher. When I whipped him he pulled off the tights and handed them to me. He said I would some day make a great fighter. The funniest part of it all was that I did not think that I could fight at all when I was an amateur. I guess I must have knocked out half a dozen young fellows before I realized that it was my punching ability that did it. At the beginning I actually thought that some one had fixed my opponents to fake knockout, so as to make me believe I was a world-champion, but after awhile I got on to the fact that it was all on the square, and I could not sleep at night thinking of what a great fighter I would be if I could keep it up. When I fought Jim Corbett on a barge at Erie there were 270 spectators at the ringside. At the end all had left but ten. That was one of the hardest fights I ever had in my life, and I guess I've been in as many as any man in the game."

SUPPLES WON.

Curley Supple, of Buffalo, got the decision over Art Sims, of Akron, O., at the end of a twenty-round fight at Fort Erie, on June 10, but the decision was so manifestly unfair that the spectators, although supporters of Supple, protested at it.

The fight started off very fast, with Supple hitting Sims about when he pleased, but there was no steam in his punches. Supple landed several times on Sims' nose and the blood showed. Sims, although not landing often, showed great hitting power and when he landed a left hand smash on Supple's mouth in the fourth round several of Curley's teeth came out and he bled like a hog.

This and other stiff punches weakened Supple and Sims began to gain with every round. The Buffalo boxer smothered Sims with the rapidity of his blows, but Sims kept coming back with terrific swings and jabs.

Then Sims got mad and chased Supple around the ring and the crowd hissed Supple for breaking ground. They kept at this for the twenty rounds, Supple becoming weaker every moment and Sims showing up stronger and stronger and looking able to go fifty rounds if necessary.

Sims was at a decided disadvantage under the Canadian rules, and his defeat is due to his extreme care not to violate those rules.

When the battle was over the crowd expected a decision for Sims, or at least a draw, and when Eddie McBride pointed to Supple's corner there was plenty of

hooting and demands for a draw. But the disturbance had no effect on the referee.

In the preliminaries Bonnie O'Brien knocked out Si Flynn in ten rounds and Warren Zurbrick knocked out Joe Keefe in two rounds.

THREW A WILD BULL.

Romulus, the famous Mexican wrestler, in his first attempt succeeded in throwing a wild bull from the San Luis Potosi ranch, recently, in the Plaza de Toros of Nuevo, Mexico. One bull was killed, but no horses were hurt in the fight.

M'PADDEN BEATS DALY.

The McPadden-Daly bout before the National A. C., at New Britain, Conn., on June 10, went the limit and McPadden was given the decision. The bout was fast, but Daly receiving great punishment.

The fight from the tenth round was McPadden's. In the nineteenth round McPadden had Daly groggy and bleeding from the nose, but Daly recovered sufficiently to come up for the last round.

The first preliminary of ten rounds, between Fitzgerald and Young Maher, went the limit to a draw; the second, between "Shorty" Gane and "Kid" Brennan, went the limit, twelve rounds, and was also called a draw.

IT WOULD BE GOOD

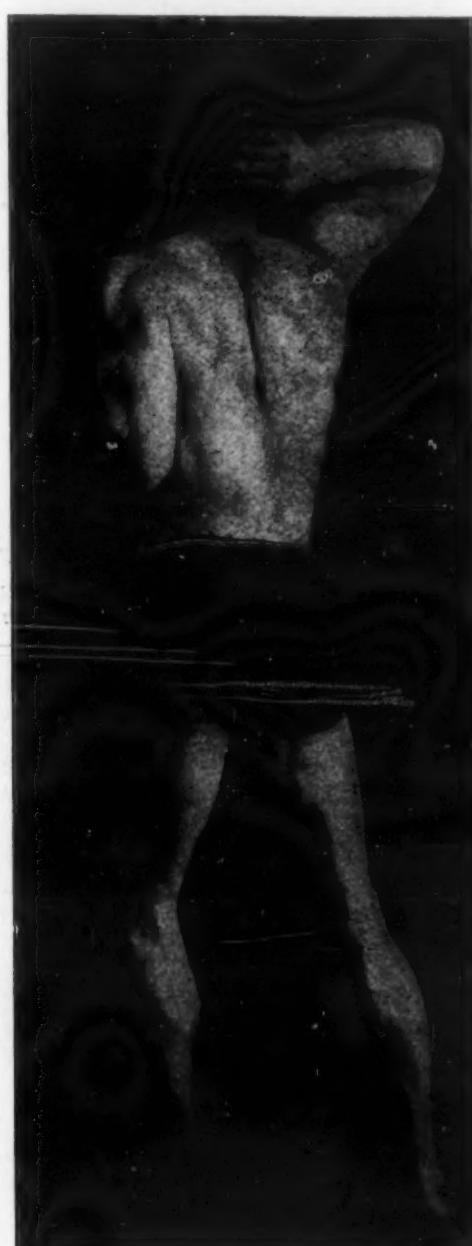
If the man who mixes your drinks could win the "Police Gazette" medal for 1902. If he is a good fellow you may be doing him a favor by calling his attention to the bartender's contest and asking him to compete.

A GREAT THEATRE.

L. M. Gorman and J. B. Baller, who are the owners and managers of the Star Theatre, of Charleston, S. C., have made their place of amusement one of the finest and most attractive houses in the South. They have absorbed the Empire Theatre, a reproduction of which recently appeared in these columns.

AN OLD-TIME BASEBALL STAR.

John Clarkson, the old-time Chicago star, who is now a successful business man of Bay City, Mich., was a true general in the box and believed in making the batsmen hit the ball when the bases were occupied, trusting to his fielders to retire the batsman. With a man on first base and no player out, he would invariably attempt to make the next batter hit the ball so that there would be a chance for a double play or the retirement of one of the opponents. Clarkson had what is called a "jump" ball—that is, the ball would be



OREN H. KUNCE of Jackson, Tenn.

everything in the athletic line and I am a member of the Paterson Turn-Verein. I have been a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE for ten years. Wishing you the best of success, I remain, ISADOR TATTLEBAUM,

456 Main street, Paterson, N. J.

GEORGE DIXON BEATEN.

"Biz" Mackey was given the decision over George Dixon, the once bantam champion, at the end of the fifth round of their go at Findlay, O., on June 10. Both men fouled freely, and at the fifth round Dixon threw down his gloves and demanded the decision for a foul. Referee Neil said that both men had fouled, however, and ordered the fight to proceed, but Dixon refused. Mackey had the better of the go, and in the last round had Dixon groggy. He prevented himself from falling by holding to Mackey.

RUSSELL PUT IT ON MAHER.

Peter Maher showed some of his old-time form in his bout with big Fred Russell, of Chicago, at the Globe Athletic Club, Philadelphia, June 10, but in the last round Maher almost met his Waterloo. In this round Russell had the Irish champion as good as out when the bell ended the contest. Barring two or three mix-ups the boxing was of the mediocre order, but for all that the spectators were on edge every second, principally because Peter has a habit of doing something when least expected. From the first round until the beginning of the last Maher had Russell shaded by reason of his effective heart and body blows. As the bell sounded for the last round Russell came out of his corner with the determination written on his face. Peter went at him in his usual fashion, getting in close for body punches. There was nothing out of the ordinary for the first two minutes, but the last sixty seconds

BOXING IS EASY

"Boxing and How to Train" is an authentic and reliable book on the subject. It is fully illustrated. Price only 25 cents.

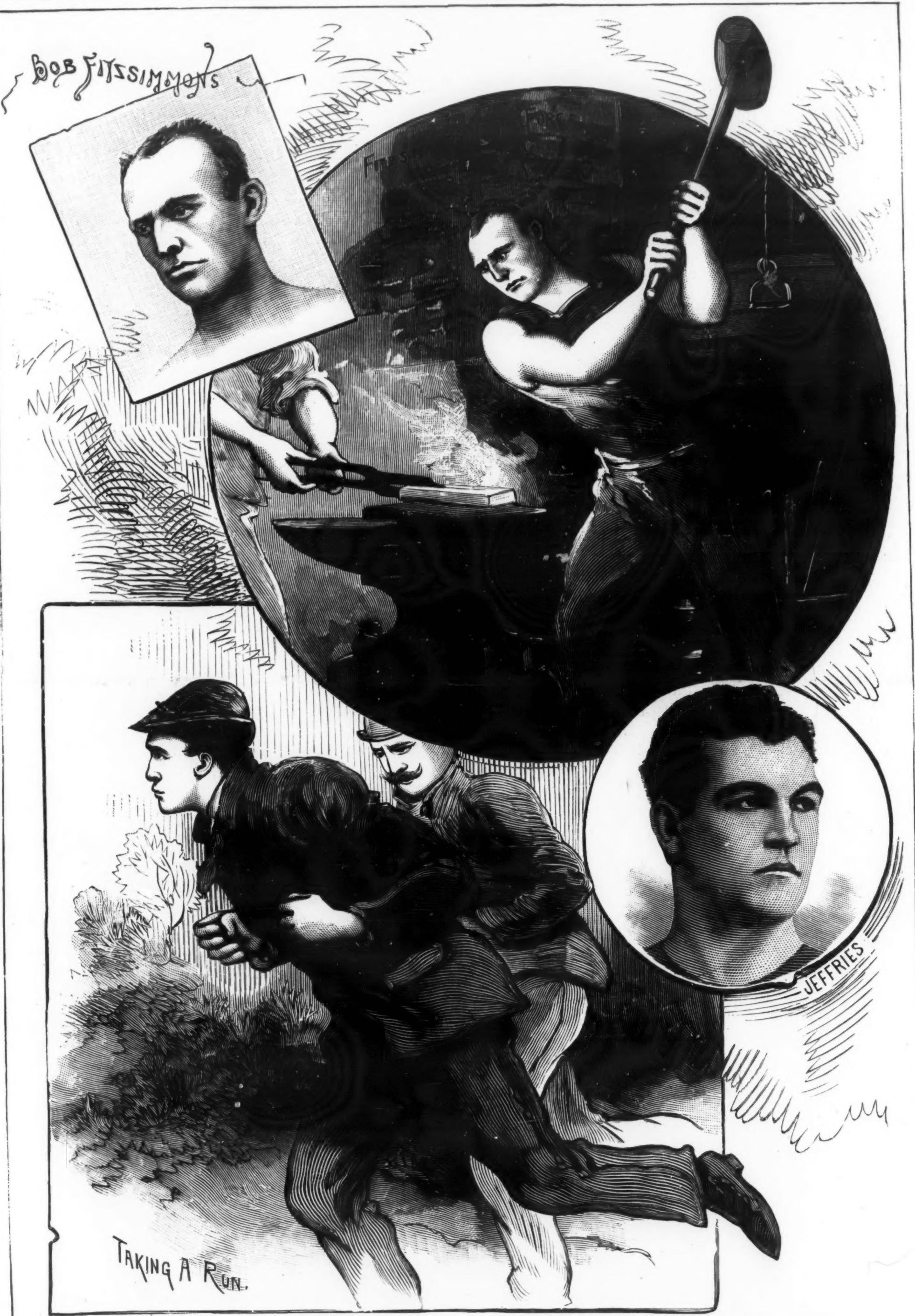


M. FRANK of New York City

delivered so that when it reached the batman, it would apparently rise from its course, causing the batsman to strike under the ball, raising it in the air and making it a fly, which the players could usually capture. As this ball required great strength, he did not use it until, in the parlance of the players, he was in the hole, or when the players were getting dangerously close to the plate.

THE BOOK OF RULES

This is one of the most valuable publications ever issued. It contains the rules governing athletic contests, etc., etc. Price, 25 cents.



TRAINING FOR THE BIG BATTLE.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF GETTING INTO SHAPE FOLLOWED BY FITZSIMMONS AND JEFFRIES IN CALIFORNIA, WHO ARE GOING TO FIGHT ON JULY 25.



NO BEER FOR CHARLIE.

HOW THE WIFE AND MOTHER-IN-LAW OF A RACINE, WIS., MAN CUT OFF HIS TIPPLE.



TAUGHT HIS WIFE HOW TO BOX.

THE PROFESSOR OF SCRANTON, PA., LANDED TOO HARD AND SHE WENT HOME TO MAMMA.

GANS AND "ELBOWS" MCFADDEN ARE MATCHED TO FIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO FOR THE LIGHTWEIGHT TITLE

American Pugilists Are Taking a Sensational Part in the Coronation Festivities in England and are Good Entertainers.

YOUNG CORBETT'S FAILURE TO FIGHT ATTELL.

Tom Sharkey is a Puzzle to British Admirers of the Pugilistic Game---Manager Bill Crowley---Jim Scanlon to Fight for an Australian Title.

To read about all the good things in the pugilistic line "carded" to take place in San Francisco in the near future is enough to make us Easterners envious of our Western brethren. Certain it is that they have it on us in the way of legislative endorsement, and by the manner in which they are signing our best exponents of pugilism to engage in first-class battles the promoters intend to take full advantage of the opportunity now afforded them. The signing of George McFadden and Joe Gans to fight for the lightweight championship was certainly a master stroke by the Hayes Valley Athletic Club, and the two famous masters of the art of fighting, representing the old and new schools, will meet early in July. McFadden is already on the ground and Gans is en route. The club has not set the date for the battle, but it will probably be held next month, so as to give both fighters ample time to get in condition. The men will meet at the lightweight limit. Gans, it will be recalled, won the championship from Frank Erne at Fort Erie, and he will now be called upon to defend his title. Jimmy Britt will probably be matched to fight the winner. Britt recently defeated "Kid" Lavigne, from whom Erne won his title. Britt was to have been McFadden's opponent. When he signed to fight Lavigne he promised to meet and box the New Yorker in the event that he was successful. Britt was successful, but did not come out of the battle unscathed. His hands were crippled, which will prevent him from fighting this month. He will forego a meeting with "Elbows," but expects to go North next and fight Perry Queenan at Seattle, who will be an easier man to beat.

Letters from Sam Fitzpatrick, who is trainer-in-chief at the "Two Brewers of Chipperfield," where Sharkey, Gorman and "Kid" McFadden are quartered, tell me that the American boxers are a source of great interest to the natives. They tell us wonderful stories about Sharkey, Gorman and McFadden. Their early morning rising, a big novelty indeed across the water; their daily routine, and the wonderful fact that Sharkey has a fortune running into five figures, and boxes merely for the love of boxing. To this latter the sporting men here, who know Tom's little propensities in matters pertaining to finances, simply say, "It is to laugh." It is all true that Tom's fortune runs into the five-figure column, but that he boxes for the pure love of boxing! well, that is somewhat, stretching it. To begin with, he does not know how to box. He is a fighter, a man of the elevated pillar class, as hard to hurt and as difficult to knock down. But when it comes to the finer points of the art, Tom can be numbered among those occupying rear seats. As for loving the sport, if there were no shekels attached to the strenuous pastime, Tom would take to the tall timbers and never be heard of more in that particular line. He is rugged, hardy and loves the emolument that brawn and muscle bring him in his calling, not the sport itself.

Varied and many are the excuses that are being made for Young Corbett's refusal to fight Abe Attell at St. Louis last week. All the arrangements were made, but at the final moment Johnny Corbett sent word that his namesake would not be on hand, but gave no especial reason for his failure to make good.

There are strange reports leaking out at intervals regarding the manner in which McGovern's conqueror is behaving himself, which, if true, do not augur well for his future ring career. Tales of convivial life in Denver town, wherein Corbett plays a leading part, have been rife of late.

It is to be hoped that the rumors are false, for it would be a pity to see him hustling down the toboggan slide, along which many a good man has gone to ruin through lack of judgment and the ability to enjoy prosperity without plunging too deeply into harmful indulgences.

To make the meeting of Sharkey and Ruhlin a leading card we are told that when they fight the latter part of the month in the National Sporting Club they will do so for the honor, besides the purse, of deciding who shall meet Champion Jim Jeffries. Well, that is pretty good nerve, and shows that the Yankee trick of advertising was taken along with the other paraphernalia when the men left these shores. Jeffries just now has a position on his hands that will claim all his attention in Mr. Fitzsimmons, and even should he dispose of him it is extremely doubtful if he would consider the two has-beens. It is not necessary to defeat men of their stamp repeatedly to convince the public which is the better man, and Jeffries certainly has left nothing undone in that direction, at least so far as Sharkey and Ruhlin are concerned.

The most satisfactory thing in connection with the forthcoming fight between Terry McGovern and Young Corbett at New London, Conn., is that it will be under the immediate supervision and management of "Bill" Crowley, of Hartford. Although Joe Vendig and Johnny Considine are financially interested in the venture, they have wisely agreed to leave the business management of the affair to Crowley, who, by the way, has long been identified with sporting events of all kinds in New England, where he is very popular. For many years he was the manager and matchmaker of the Coliseum and Hartford Athletic



GEORGE H. THOMPSON.

A Clever 82-pound Jockey Who Has Gone Abroad to Ride William K. Vanderbilt's Thoroughbreds on the French Tracks.

It was under his auspices that the last McGovern-Corbett battle was decided, and this, too, in the face of many adverse conditions. Few at that time knew Young Corbett, but there were fewer yet who believed that he would be other than a punching bag for the Brooklyn Terror. Crowley had faith in the boy, and advanced him fares and training expenses and was satisfied that, whatever the result, Rothwell would make McGovern go as fast as he ever did in his life.

The big crowd that witnessed the event was rather a tribute to Crowley than to the drawing powers of the contest. But the result strengthened him in the estimation of Eastern sports, and to-day he is recognized as one of the first-class fistic promoters of the country, a square sport and a genial, companionable fellow all the time.

American pugilists are making their presence felt all over the world. It is not generally known that Jim Scanlon, whose career in this country was anything but sensational, is matched to fight Billy McColl for the heavyweight championship of Australia. It will be recalled that McColl whipped "Tut" Ryan in eight rounds recently, and the latter was rated as the best big fellow in the Antipodes. Scanlon has an English sport who will bet all kinds of money that he will defeat McColl. An American pugilist backed by an Englishman to beat an Australian! Let the Eagle scream again!

At the time of writing this the eyes of everybody interested in pugilism, not overlooking those of One-Eyed Connolly, are turned toward the great Eng-

LEARN ABOUT DOGS

"The Dog Pit," the most reliable work published, contains the "Police Gazette" rules. Price, 25 cents. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Sq., New York.

lish metropolis where the dates for the coronation bouts are fast approaching. Referring to him of the single optic Charley Mathison says he observed him the other morning leaning against a post of the Battery wall gazing seaward with an expression of countenance in which longing was commingled with despair. Tears fell from his available optic, and when a sympathetic stevedore asked him what was wrong, Mr. Connolly replied:

"My boy this is the most trying moment of my life. Here am I, James Connolly, who never in his life missed a ringside seat when Queensberry artists of repute were scheduled to clash; I, Connolly, who never yielded a single duet to the rapacious managers of boxing clubs; who has ridden on all the leading railroads of America without the formality of buying a ticket; without whose presence no boxing bout of any importance could possibly be successfully conducted; here am I, James Connolly, looking out to sea in the direction of merry England, where the coronation boxing bouts are just one week away, and no more chance of getting across than has a snowball in a volcanic eruption. As I said before, my boy, this is the most painful experience in my long, interesting and checkered career."

Mr. Connolly, after this deliverance, relapsed into gloomy silence, which was broken by a query from the stevedore.

"Mate," said he, "why don't you ship on one of those freight steamers and work your way over in the coal hole?"

Mr. Connolly caught his breath with a gasp, while a deadly pallor overspread his intellectual face. It was some seconds before he could sufficiently compose himself to make a reply.

"My boy," said he, in cold, freezing tones, "I am amazed that you should make so brutal a proposition

big amateur. I look for him to put up a much better showing than time. If he can only stay away and fight clever, like Corbett did, he can get Jeffries. I suppose, though, he will fight the same old way—carry it to the other fellow until he wins or loses. He may be too old to change. I said to Jeffries the last fight that this fellow would come in and keep coming. I warned Jeffries to keep starting his right hand for the body every time Fitz came in—never swing it for the head. That was all Fitzsimmons wanted. He was great on meeting a fellow and would have copped him sure. Jeffries kept pumping that body punch way in. I say if Fitz can change his style and feint the big fellow up he has the chance. He can't feint the way Corbett did. Corbett would stay out there and make the bluff and Jeff would open up on his crouch a little. Corbett would keep feinting and soon he'd get Jeffries standing up straight. If Fitz can get the champion up like that he can kick him.

"Jeffries is no fellow to carry the fight to anybody. He doesn't show going after a man because he's too big on the feet and carries too many pounds. That is why I think Corbett would have a better chance with Jeffries than Fitz, now, unless the Australian fights the clever feinting fight."

"Jeffries has got a few good punches he sends out of that crouching attitude, and he can meet a fellow good and hard, anybody that's coming in all the time to him. That's where the fight lies and it will be worth watching to see whether Fitzsimmons fights free and at long distance instead of his usual fashion."

It would be interesting to recall what Tommy told Jeffries about Fitzsimmons just previous to their other meeting.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Governor Durbin, of Indiana, will not permit finish fights.

Jimmy Britt will challenge the winner of the Gans-McFadden fight.

Willie Lewis, one of Billy Roche's featherweights, is a sparring partner for Young Corbett.

Ellwood McCloskey, the veteran pugilist, will go into the cigar and tobacco business in Philadelphia.

Alfred Mace, a son of Jim Mace, is touring this country as an evangelist. Alf started out to be a pugilist.

Manager Herman, of Fort Erie, is said to be trying to arrange a bout between Jack O'Brien and Marvin Hart.

George Gardiner is trying to match his little brother with Rufe Turner, the match to take place on July 3, at Stockton, Cal.

Steve Crosby, the Chicago colored lightweight, has posted \$250 and challenged Joe Gans. He has fought Gans four times and held his own.

Al Herford, manager of Joe Gans, says he has \$5,000 that Joe can stay six rounds with Tommy Ryan or Jack O'Brien. How very foolish.

Tommy Sullivan, who is now in the East, has gone under the management of Charley Bang, who is ready to match him against any 120 to 128-pound boxer, bar none.

Eddie Connolly has written that it is tough picking in England. He has challenged everybody in England of every weight, and cannot get a battle. He has a match with Tom Couhig at Detroit, Mich., on July 15.

A contest that would arouse the attention of fight followers would be that of Jack O'Brien and Tommy Ryan. Both are conceded to be the leaders in their class, and the championship of the middleweights would be decided.

REFEREE SAVED SMITH.

A large crowd gathered at the South Omaha Athletic Club at Omaha, Neb., on June 13 and witnessed a hard fought battle between Hatch Smith and "Kid" Hermann, the fast Chicago lad. For the first half-dozen rounds it would have been difficult to have picked the winner in case of a stoppage of the fight at the end of that time. But beginning with the seventh Hermann began to show signs of greater ability, and after the ninth did just about as he pleased with the Omaha lad. Still Smith hung on gamely, receiving the merciless pounding which Hermann was giving him without a murmur, and attempting at all times to land one which would even up matters. But in the fourteenth Hermann sent the colored lad to the ropes with a succession of punches which were rapidly sending him into oblivion. A terrific punch in the ribs and a right to the jaw had just about finished Smith when the referee saved him from a knockout by stopping the fight.

DO YOU KNOW OF A NEW DRINK?

If you are a bartender or a saloonkeeper, send it in. It may win the POLICE GAZETTE medal. Contest now on.

ROWING REGATTA.

The first annual Shrewsbury River Rowing Regatta will be held at Red Bank, N. J., under the auspices of the Monmouth Boat Club, on Saturday, July 5. The following are the events: Junior single sculls; junior four-oared gigs; intermediate single sculls; junior four-oared shells; senior singles (association); intermediate four-oared shells; junior double sculls; senior four-oared barge; intermediate double sculls; intermediate eight-oared shells. Handsome gold medals suitably engraved will be given to each member of a winning crew and a beautiful silk banner to the club represented. Dr. Edwin Field, chairman regatta committee; W. H. Houston, chairman hotel and transportation committee; M. F. Cornwell, chairman ways and means committee; P. T. Brady, secretary.

Bartenders, Get the Latest!

Keep up-to-date and you will do this if you have a copy of Fox's "Bartender's Guide." It is full of good recipes and costs but 25 cents.

OUR INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

ALWAYS RELIABLE AND AVAILABLE

TO POLICE GAZETTE READERS

We Supply Information About Sports, Pugilism, Cards, Army and Navy Statistics, Also Answers on General Topics.

SEND TO US IF YOU WISH TO KNOW ANYTHING.

When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager--We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

S. Z. J. D., East St. Louis.—He must turn the last card.

J. F., Brooklyn.—Did B. J. Webers run 100 yards in 9.3 seconds? Yes, but the A. A. U. record committee refused to allow it.

M. M., Bryant, S. D.—Seven-up; Cully deals and turns spades; Jack begins; Cully runs the cards and turns the Jack of spades; does the Jack count? No.

C. K., Richmond, Va.—A, B and C are playing poker; one chip ante and two chips limit; A opens pot with two chips and raises two more to play, making others play for four chips. Can A do this? Yes.

H. A. G., Reading, Pa.—Seven-up; A deals the cards; B begins; A runs them off; B got all the tricks; there was no trump out in either hand; B claims high, low, game; A objects? No points out except game.

B. D., Hemlock, O.—There is no accepted record.

J. T. M., Laurel, Miss.—Values vary according to demand. We cannot advertise coin dealers gratuitously in this column.

G. P. C.—If A, B, C and D were playing pitch, and A bids one, B two, C four, can D bid four and buy the trump? D was dealer? Yes.

J. C., Schenectady, N. Y.—A bets John C. Heenan was born in Troy; B bets that he wasn't? A is right. Send twenty-five cents for "Life of Heenan."

Bet.—A and B play a game of pitch; A had ten; B had ten; A bids two; B bids three, and makes high, Jack and game; A makes low; who wins? B wins.

W. H. L., Bricelyn, Minn.—In a baseball game the batter strikes at the ball and makes a foul tip from the bat and it hits the batter; is the batter out? No.

R. M., Pittsfield, Mass.—Has Ruhlin ever been defeated by Sharkey? How many times did they fight? Yes. They fought twice. Send ten cents for "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," containing records of both men.

Kid, Booneville, Mo.—Give me a method to increase my weight. I have tried several instructors' methods but they reduce instead of increasing. Plenty of farinaceous food; a judicious amount of exercise and a cold plunge bath every morning.

A. G. McC., Brooklyn.—Can you favor me with the address, or inform me where I can secure information regarding the whereabouts of the skater, Nelson, who was very prominent among the ice skaters a few years ago? It you mean Johnny Nelson, he is dead.

C. A. W., Troy.—Advise the writer as to the number of miles of double-track railroads in England, Scotland and Wales, and the United States? This question cannot be answered accurately without correspondence with the management of the various railroads in the countries you mention.

J. H. M., Oakland, Ore.—A and B play casino; A makes a combination of ten; B makes combination of eight; A has a deuce and raises B's combination to ten; has A a right to put the build on his combination and call it two tens, by so doing preventing B from building on either?

Again: A makes combination of five; has B a right to take a seven from the board and a deuce from his hand and raise A's combination to a fourteen? Yes. 2. No.

F. L. A., Newark.—A, B, C and D playing poker; A deals; B ages; all hands stay without a raise; B claims the right to raise before the draw; A claims not. Who wins? B wins.

J. G., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Two-handed pedro; right and left pedro are lowest trump held in hand; which one counts low? I bet the left pedro counts low. The right pedro is low.

C. J., Los Angeles, Cal.—In a billiard tournament there are ten entries; A says there are ninety tournament games played; B says there is not; who is right? A is wrong; forty-five games.

N. J. L., Dubuque, Ia.—A and B playing Pedro; A contends that the highest and lowest cards out are high and low; B contends that the ace and deuce must be out in order to count high and low. Which is right? A is right.

G. A. J., Brooklyn.—Pinochle; can you meld twenty in diamonds, twenty in hearts, twenty in clubs, next sixty queens, next eighty kings; now can you meld the other twenty of spades with your other king of spades? A wins.

L. B., Boston.—In a game of set back, bidding to the board, dealer has to make one point more than is bid. A has one to go; B has three to go; B buys for three; B makes his high, Jack, game; A makes low. Who wins the game? A wins.

I. C., Ponca, Neb.—Seven-up; A deals cards; turns as trump the nine spot of spades; B begins; A runs the cards, turning as second trump the Jack of spades; A runs them further, turning as trump the Jack of diamonds; A then bets that both Jacks count; B bets they do not? Only the Jack of diamonds counts.

It \$3.00 more; B passes and C calls thinking that A was drawing to four straight or four flush but A has three fours. Who takes the money? A.

F. F., Cincinnati, O.—A and B playing pedro; A had fifty-nine points; B had fifty-eight points; sixty-one the game; A played high and game and said he was out; B played the deuces, three, five and nine, which counted him eighteen points; they were playing the first man out wins; A claims the game, and B also? B wins; game counts last.

G. B. C., Ortonville, Minn.—N, B and S are playing poker, table stakes; B opens a jackpot for all he has; N and S each stay; N sets to B's right; S to B's left; B is all in and does not bet after the draw and claims show down; S passes; N bets \$10; S passes; N has a pair of tens; B, a pair of jacks, and S, a pair of queens; by failing to call N's bet of \$10 does S forfeit all his rights in the pot; who wins? S forfeits his rights to any part of the money and B wins the pot.

MONEY FOR A NEW DRINK.

The POLICE GAZETTE offers a valuable gold medal and three prizes in money for the best recipes for new drinks. All American bartenders and saloonmen are eligible.

SHEPPARD KNOCKED OUT.

Leon Miller knocked Joe Sheppard out in the fourth round of a battle that was scheduled to go fifteen rounds, at Bridgeport, Conn., on June 12. The contest was held under the auspices of the Bridgeport Boating Club, and was well attended by an enthusiastic crowd of sports.

NEW RECORDS.

Helen Downes, at Elmira, N. Y., beat the Vassar College record for running broad jump by clearing 12 feet 6 inches.

The Argonaut eight-oared crew of Toronto, Can., went one and one-half miles in dead water in 7 minutes, 35 seconds, breaking all previous records.

Albert Champion, the French cyclist, went 25 miles at Buffalo in 37 minutes, 15 2-5 seconds. He also

BARTENDERS

RUSHING IN

NEW RECIPES

Tremendous Interest Aroused by the Police Gazette Contest.

\$75 MEDAL FIRST PRIZE

The Fortunate Man Who Wins Will be the 1902 Champion.

The bartender's contest is fairly on and the mixers of drinks throughout the country have begun to flood the POLICE GAZETTE office with recipes of their favorite and popular drinks.

This promises, so far, to be one of the greatest contests of the kind ever inaugurated, and the extraordinary interest shown at this stage bids fair to rival any previous competition.

There is not only fame but fortune awaiting the winner, and if the 1902 trophy brings as much luck to its holder as the medal for 1901, then the holder will be fortunate indeed.

If you do business behind the bar, whether you are owner or employee, you are eligible.

If you are an American and are serving drinks in any place from the Philippines to South Africa, then you are entitled to compete.

Write out carefully in ink your best recipe, sign your name and full address and send it in. Write plainly.

Whether you win or not your recipe will be published.

Don't you think a beautiful gold medal costing \$75.00 is worth winning, especially when nothing more than a little brain work is required?

The second prize is \$25.00 in gold.

You wouldn't refuse that, would you?

The third prize is \$15.00 in gold.

How many bartenders earn more than that for a week's work?

The fourth prize, the smallest of all, is worth having—\$10.00 in gold.

Even that is worth trying for.

We don't ask you to cut any coupons, or to subscribe, although when it comes to that you couldn't use a dollar to better advantage than by subscribing for thirteen weeks to a paper that devotes a good deal of space to your interests and which offers you handsome prizes every year.

If you are an up-to-date bartender you want to keep posted on this contest, don't you?

Then if you are on our books you are sure of getting a paper every week.

And, incidentally, we give premiums to all subscribers. You may have a list of them for the asking.

Here are some of the recipes recently received:

CLUB HIGH BALL.

(By C. E. Du Brox, 320 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.)

One teaspoonful of powdered sugar; half a lime; one jigger of dry gin; fill up with White Rock.

ELK PUNCH.

(From Hotel Berkeley, Martinsburg, W. Va.)

Juice of half a lemon; spoonful of sugar or syrup; half a jigger of green or yellow Chartreuse; one jigger of French brandy; six or seven dashes of orange bitters; fill glass with cracked ice; shake until cold; strain in large bar glass; dash of Jamaica rum; fill glass with vichy or seltzer; trim with fruit.

PING PONG PUNCH.

(By John Kraus, 85 H St. N.W., Washington, D.C.)

One ounce lemon syrup; one egg; New England rum; sherry wine; shaved ice; one and one-half ounces whiskey; enough soda; mix first six, using a good dash each of New England rum and sherry; pour into large glass; add enough plain soda to fill glass, constantly stirring; then add a little nutmeg and serve with straws.

If you have a good photograph of yourself, send it in. If it shows you in a bar jacket, so much the better.

PURSE FOR YANGER AND CORBETT

The Hayes Valley A. C., of San Francisco, Cal., has offered 60 per cent. of the gross receipts and \$10,000 guarantee, for a meeting between Benny Yanger and Young Corbett. Yanger has accepted, and is willing to concede weight to the Denverite by allowing him to come in under 130 pounds ringside.

FOR THE BIG FIGHT.

The contract for the arena is given out. Manager Alex Greggains has signed a contract for the erection of a building at Valencia and Fourteenth streets, San Francisco, in which to bring off the championship battle between Fitzsimmons and Jeffries.

The new structure will be opposite Woodward's Pavilion. It will be of wood and large enough to accommodate 15,000. Greggains thinks the cost of this building will be far less than the price which the people who control the Mechanics' Pavilion wish to charge for its rental.

ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER?

One dollar pays for thirteen weeks subscription to POLICE GAZETTE, which insures your getting both the paper and the supplement every week.



AL. HERFORD AND HIS FIGHTERS.

Some Celebrities, Fistic and Otherwise, Photographed by Emile E. Bucher of Chester, Pa.

AL. HERFORD. GUS. COBLENS. ED. M'LAUGHLIN. RAYMOND COATES. JAS. DOUGHERTY.
JOE GANS. HERMAN MILLER. YOUNG PETER JACKSON. EDDIE LENNY.

result of the game; I bet on Slayton and he bet against it; a row started in the last half of the eighth inning, after which Slayton quit the field and refused to play or finish the game; the score being 4 to 0 in favor of Slayton, but by the umpire's decision it was decided 9 to 0 in favor of the opposite side; how would a bet in this case be decided? First base cannot be moved. 2. There is no official measurement. 3. Umpire's decision is final. You lose.

C. & C., Rib Lake, Wis.—In a game of sixty-six; A was dealing and turned ace of clubs; B played and took first and second tricks, then A turned down the ace; B had nine spot and Jack and he takes up the ace after A turned it down; A declares he has no right to take it after he turned it down and B said he had, who was right? B.

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HE'S A CLEVER BOXER.

G. BROWN (SEATED) OF BUFFALO
WHO WANTS A MATCH.



BOYCE AND WILSON.

COMEDIANS, DANCERS AND SINGERS, PROFESSIONALLY KNOWN
AS THE RIGHT AND LEFT BOWERS.



THEY ARE MUSICIANS.

VUOPOLI AND VINCIGUERRA,
BOTH OF NEWARK, N. J.



A. L. COSET.

A PROMINENT SALOONKEEPER DOING
BUSINESS AT JACKSON, CAL.



MASTER BURKE AND HIS DOG.

A HANDSOME BOY AND THOROUGHbred DOG,
BOTH OF CLEVELAND, O.



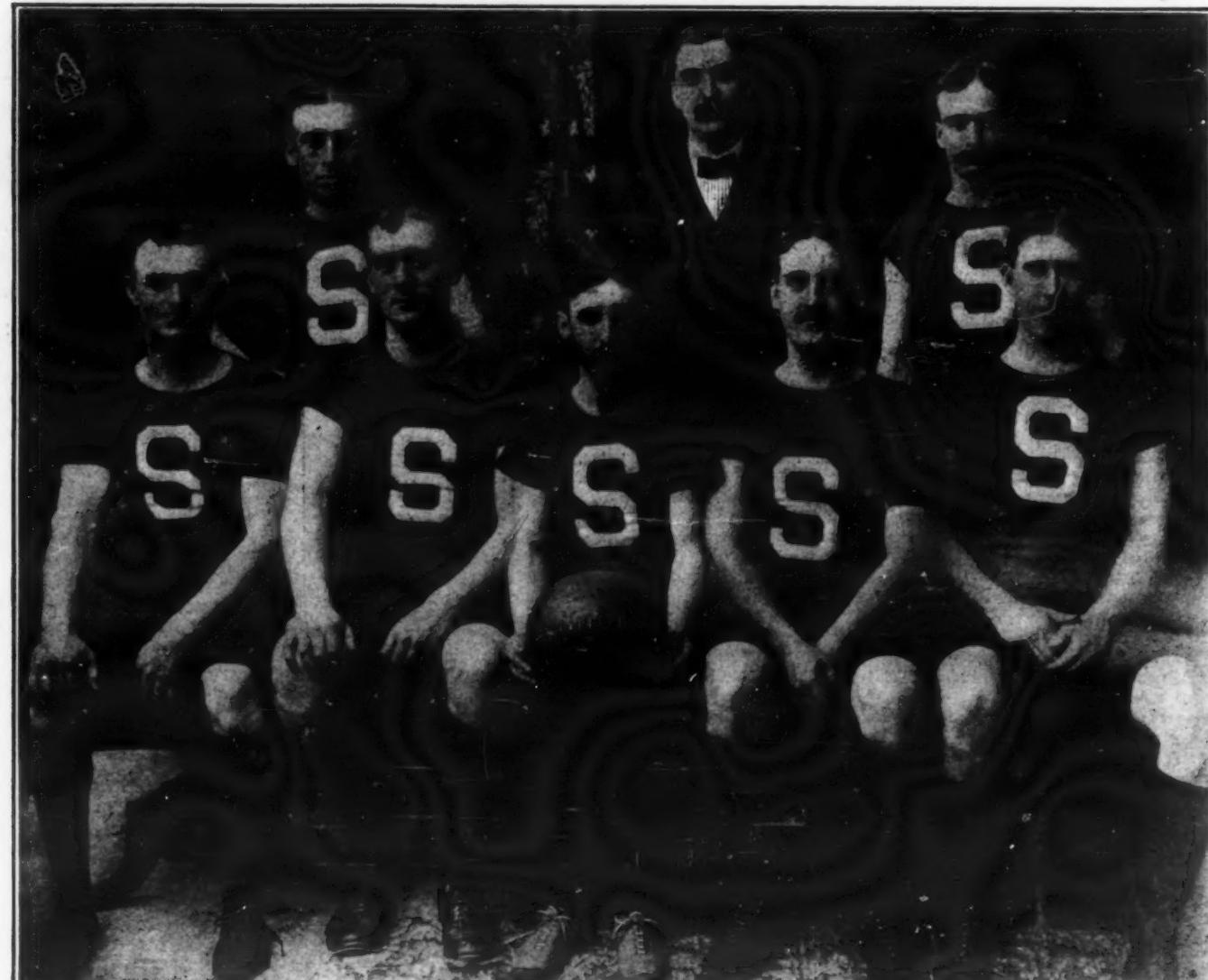
H. A. GOETTE.

POPULAR REFEREE AND MATCHMAKER
OF SAVANNAH, GA.



CHARLEY NEARY.

CLEVER BOXER WHO RECENTLY KNOCKED
OUT KID SAYERS OF MILWAUKEE.



BASKETBALL PLAYERS OF THE JERSEY COAST.

THE STOKES TEAM OF OCEAN GROVE, N. J., WHO HAVE PLAYED MANY WELL CONTESTED
GAMES THE PAST SEASON AND ARE READY TO MEET ALL COMERS.



CHRISTY MATHEWSON.

THE REDOUBTABLE YOUNG COLLEGIATE TWIRLER WHO IS PITCHING FOR THE
NEW YORK BASEBALL TEAM THIS SEASON.

POPULAR SALOONMEN

Joseph Whalen, of St. Louis, Who is Also a Good Boxer.



Joseph Whalen is an expert mixologist and also a crack boxer and bag puncher. He is well known in St. Louis, where he resides, and as "Kid" Whalen is popular among ring followers.

BE A CHAMPION.

Every American bartender, no matter where he may be, is invited to enter the "Police Gazette" Bartender's Contest for 1902. The first prize is a \$75.00 gold medal. There are other prizes in money. See page 11.

PERSONALS.

The American House on lower Main street, Slatington, Pa., is deserving of your patronage. Robert C. Hunt is the proprietor.

The Central House, Kutztown, Pa., is situated opposite the depot and has an extensive trade. Charles L. Ahn is the genial proprietor.

Patronize the saloon at Second and Gordon streets, when in Allentown, Pa. The bar is well stocked and Joe Rechel, the proprietor, is well liked.

Don't fail to drop in and see William Saul at the Liberty Hotel, on Chew street, occasionally when in Allentown, Pa. Billy is a jolly good fellow and treats everyone right.

Frank M. Geist is the new proprietor of the Railroad House, situated on Railroad street near the depot, Emmaus, Pa. This is a very popular resort and extraordinarily well patronized.

J. J. Flickinger is the well-known proprietor of the United States Hotel, corner of Seventh and Liberty streets, Allentown, Pa. Business is always brisk at this resort, as Joe is a jolly good fellow.

The Slatedale Hotel, in Slatedale, Pa., is the only hotel in town. A. A. Werley is the popular proprietor. His bar is well stocked and enjoys an extensive trade. A visit to this town is a nice trolley ride of Allentown, Pa.

The only restaurant in Slatington, Pa., where meals are served at all hours, is the Continental restaurant on Main street. Barney's celebrated lager is always on tap. A. U. Kuntz, better known as "Leslie," is the popular proprietor, and "Chic" Evans, clerk.

The Union Hotel, at Second and Union streets, Bethlehem, Pa., is a great resort. Free lunches are served on Saturday evenings. Good music, dancing and a good time assured for all. Q. E. Ritter is the well-known proprietor and a jolly good fellow.

O. G. Moser, of the Neffsville Hotel, Neffsville, Pa., has engaged the Slatington Band for the summer and free concerts will be given each Thursday evening in Moser's Grove, near the hotel. Mr. Moser is a thorough business man and makes things interesting.

SANSBERRY COCKTAIL.

(By Fred Tompkins, of Anderson Hotel Buffet, Elwood, Ind.)

Take old-fashioned toddy glass; muddle one cut loaf sugar; add small lump of ice; one slice of lemon with peel on; three dashes Peychaud bitters; one dash Absinthe; stir well; serve with bar spoon.

RAGTIME COCKTAIL.

(By J. N. Radetic, 902 Camp Street, New Orleans.)

Use water glass; half a spoon of powdered sugar; two dashes Columbo bitters; three dashes gum syrup; one dash Orgeat; pony of whiskey; one lump of ice; served with cream behind it, with cherry on top.

RECIPES RECEIVED.

Recipes of new drinks to be entered in the "Police Gazette" bartender's contest have been received as follows:

McFadden & Lowery, Louisville, Ky.; Ping Pong High Ball; E. G. De Gasteaux, Cincinnati, O.; Golden Eagle, Derby Cocktail, Fox's Cooler and Eagle Sour; G. Edwards, Memphis, Brace Up; Dan E. Crump, New York city, Calumet Punch; Thomas Reed, Port Morris, N. J.; Paul Jones Cocktail; J. C. Klegan, West Easton, Pa.; Sherry Fizz; Ed Kell, East St. Louis, Pineapple Flip; Ed Marks, Tacoma, The Blake; W. G. Earnshaw, Martinsburg, W. Va.; Berkeley Fizz.

SLOT MACHINES.

SLOT MACHINES 100 Varieties; from 1.50 up. Get our CUT PRICES. New catalogues of CLUB ROOM & FAIR GROUND GOODS. Address, OGDEN & CO., 253 Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE BANNER SIX-WAY AUTOMATIC SLOT MACHINE is the best ever built by anyone at any price. Made only by McDonald Mfg. Co., 85 Dearborn St., Chicago.

WE BUY Rent and Sell Slot Machines. BOX 121, SANDUSKY, O.

POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING LIBRARY FULL ILLUSTRATED.

ART OF WRESTLING.

POLICE GAZETTE BOOK OF RULES.

DOG PIT:

How to Feed and Handle Fighting Dogs

BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN.

POLICE GAZETTE BARTENDERS GUIDE, for 1902.

Free by Mail, 25 Cents Each.

POLICE GAZETTE Fox Building, - - - New York City.

SALOON SUPPLIES.

Shine on! It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend. last, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

Homer Smoot is back in centre field for St. Louis.

Blewett, the crack Georgetown pitcher, has signed with New York.

Congalton and Miller, of the Chicago National outfit, are a pair of wonders.

Hoy is the richest player on the Cincinnati team. He is rated as worth \$30,000.

Cincinnati has released the young southpaw pitcher, Creese Helsman, to reduce the pitching corps.

Pitcher Newton may remain in Brooklyn next winter and practice medicine. He is a full-fledged M. D.

Big Ed McKean, the old Cleveland shortstop, is playing first base for Buffalo, and hitting in his old-time form.

Sammy Strang and Danny Green of the White Sox assert that they will try their luck as vaudeville artists next winter.

A syndicate, at the head of which August Herrmann is said to be, is out to buy the Cincinnati Club from John T. Brush.

James E. Ryan, of Haverhill, a brother of John Ryan, of the St. Louis Club, has been appointed umpire in the New England League.

Three of its pitchers are the best batters on the Detroit team—Siever, Yeager and Mullin are an incomparable trio of ball smashers.

The Boston fans are all howling because Captain Collins is not working Dougherty, as they consider him a fast ball player, which he certainly is.

New York wanted Billy Hamilton, but the latter's terms were too high. Hamilton asked a \$3,000 salary and an ironclad contract, play or pay.

President Dreyfuss, of the Pittsburgh Club, says he is going to stop gambling on his grounds, even if he has to arrest every man on the bleachers.

Sam Strang has the distinction of being the only player in the business who writes songs. His latest effort is a coon melody, which is said to be very clever.

George Smith is playing a fast game at second for the New Yorks. He is unquestionably the best man that has guarded the keystone sack for the Giants since "Kid" Gleason.

Pitcher Henry Thielman, the Manhattan college boy, now with Cincinnati, can play ping pong. He is said to be quite an expert at the little game, which had its origin in China.

Pitcher McMakin, of the Superbas, remained at home during the recent Western trip of the club. He pitched two games for nearby semi-professional clubs, winning one and losing the other.

The more Johnny Ward of Brooklyn appears in the game, the better he seems to act. This is surprising, considering the fact that he holds the record of advancing from the amateur ranks to the National League at one leap.

Barclay, the sensational outfielder, who has clinched the left field job with Donovan's Cardinals, is the Barclay who played second base and captained for the Lafayette college nine many years ago. He is now a great ball player and bids fair to supplant Heldrick in the affections of the fans.

PIENING WINS HANDICAP MATCH.

John Piening, the "Butcher Boy," won in a handicap match with Billy Edwards, of New York, at Miner's Bowery Theatre, New York city, on June 13, throwing Edwards five times in fifty-one minutes fifty-nine seconds. Piening agreed to throw his opponent five times in an hour.

NO MONEY FOR FIGHTERS.

"Kid" Carter and Jack Root were to have met in a six-round bout at Philadelphia on June 13, but an attachment on the receipts left but \$200 for the men to contest for. The men had been guaranteed \$5,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.



NOTICE!

We will on receipt of price, ten dollars, ship to any point, United States or Canada, a beautiful pair of Elk Horns, at least five prongs on each horn. You cannot appreciate their beauty until you see them. J. E. CARR, Livingston, Montana.

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Four grains of grain musk (finest); six grains of Ambergris (finest); three drachms Oil of Lemon; two drachms Oil of Lavender (English); two drachms Oil of Cloves; half drachm Liquid Stryrax (genuine); twelve drops (minims) Oil of Verbena; twelve drops (minims) Oil of Pimento; twelve drops (minims) Neroli; one pint rectified spirit. Macerate in a warm room, with frequent agitation, for a couple of weeks. The result will more than pay for the trouble.

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[If you have a legitimate challenge send it to this office.]

Walter Edgerton, the "Kentucky Rosebud," would like arrange a meeting with Danny Dougherty.

Tommy Dougherty, of 826 Wood street, Philadelphia, Pa., would like to box Eddie Wallace of the same city.

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COLE TOOK A BEATING.

Jack O'Brien bested George Cole in six one-sided rounds at the Broadway Athletic Club, Philadelphia, June 12. In a previous meeting Cole quit at the end of the fourth round, but this time he managed to stay the six, but took an awful beating. But once during the bout was O'Brien in any danger, and that was in the third round. After a mix-up Cole smashed Jack hard on the mouth and made the latter's head rock, but O'Brien was himself in an instant, and hit Cole over the left eye, cutting it.

O'Brien worked so fast in the first and second rounds that Cole must have wondered where all the blows came from. It was a case of in and out, left hook on jaw and right on the body time and again. In the fourth round O'Brien fended his man into all sorts of leads, and then hooked his left in a very tantalizing way.

In the fifth round O'Brien tried hard to finish the colored man, smashing him right and left when and where he pleased, but he could not find the vital spot. When Cole went to his corner he was bleeding from the cut over his eye, nose and mouth.

The sixth found O'Brien simply toying with Cole. While Cole took a good drubbing, O'Brien's face bore marks of the encounter, having a cut over his left eye.

The referee stopped the bout between "The Black Wonder" and Eugene Spencer, both colored, in the sixth round to prevent the "Wonder" from being knocked out.

Jack Meekin had a slight advantage over Arthur Bailey in six rounds; Jack Powderly stopped Eddie McDevitt in the fourth round, while Gus Dumont managed to stay six rounds with Paddy Carey.

TIPMAN AND MYERS DRAW.

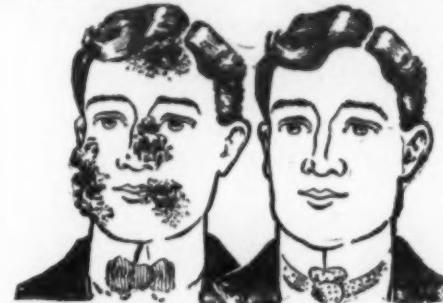
Joe Tipman and Sam Myers fought ten rounds to a draw at Baltimore, Md., on June 13. Tipman at first refused to go on, as he claimed the money in the house would not justify him in doing so. He finally decided to fight ten rounds to a decision, and came near losing it at that. Myers gave him a set-to which soon soured him. He was kept guessing until the end of the bout.

Myers was game to the core and his short punching to Tipman's jaw had the local boy going. Tipman, however, landed at will on Myers' nose and face, and the set-to was characterized by disregard of ring rules and rough house proceedings. Myers was the aggressor all through, but Tipman's weight, height and reach were against him.

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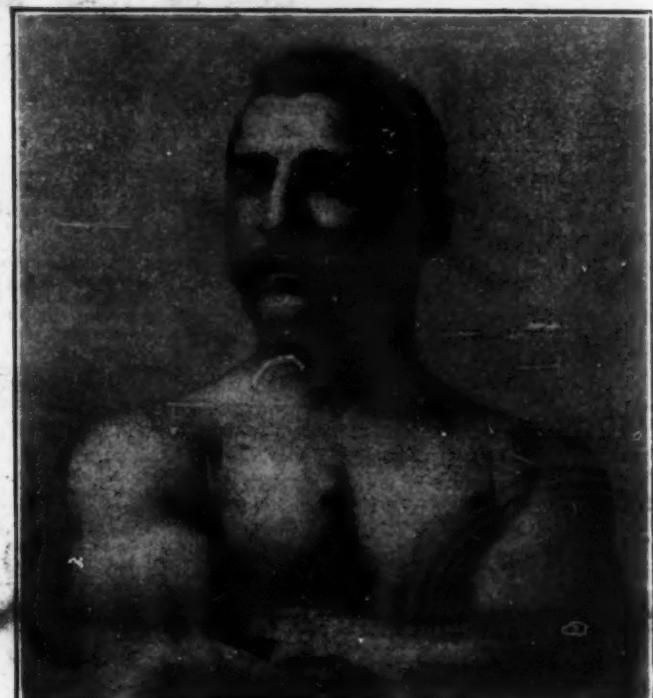
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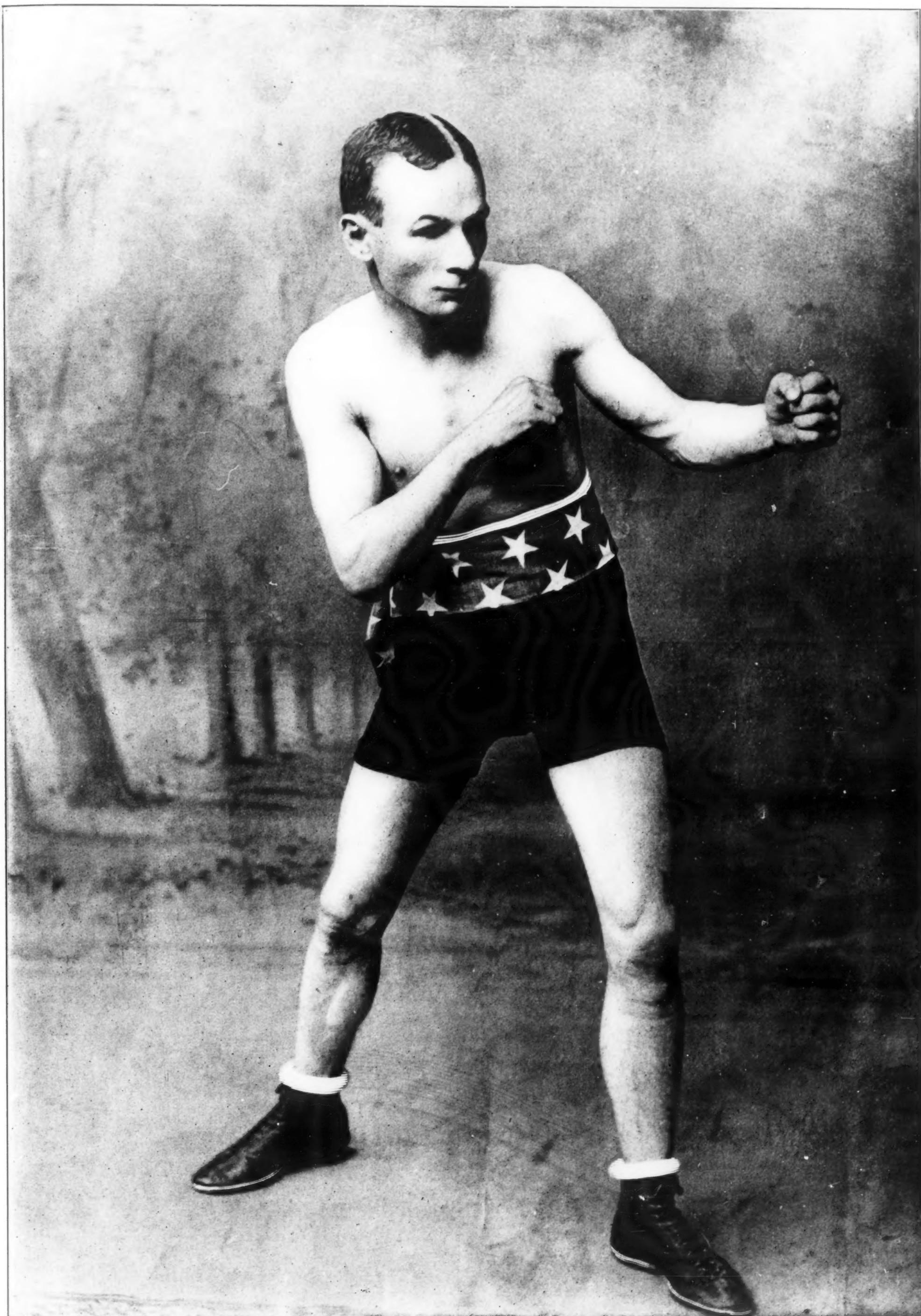


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Supplement to POLICE GAZETTE, No. 1298, Saturday, July 5, 1902.



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